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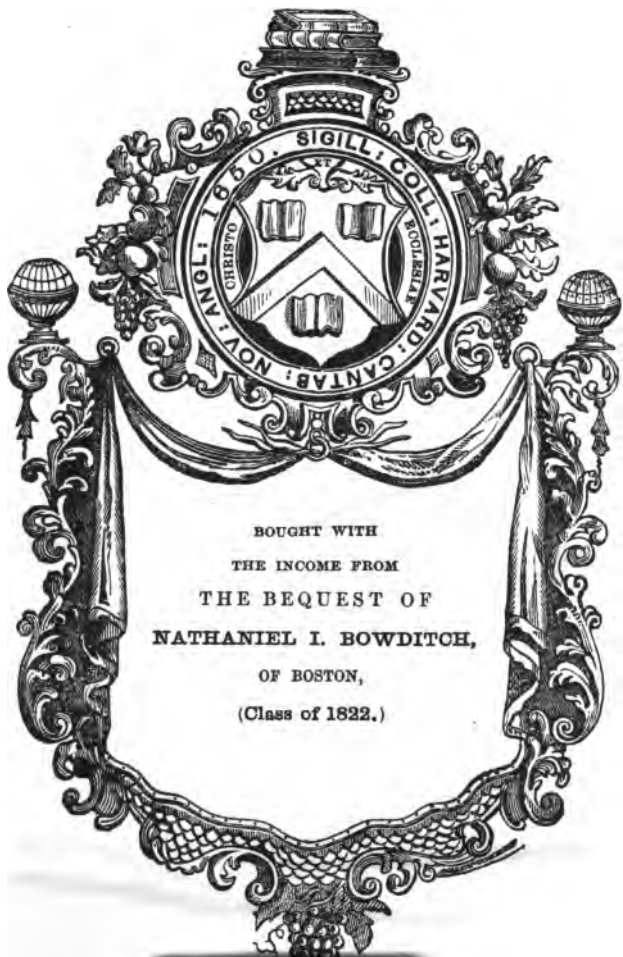
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Bind

Old English Text Books.

JACKE OF DOVER'S

"Quest of Inquirie,"

OR

HIS PRIVY SEARCH FOR THE VERIEST FOOLE IN
ENGLAND.

1604.

3

REPRINTED FROM THE RARE ORIGINAL,

And Edited, with Introduction and Notes,

BY

W. CAREW HAZLITT.

LONDON:

1866.

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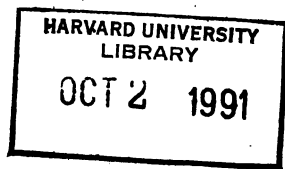
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Folklore Collection*

OCT 2 1991



JACK OF DOVER,

*Jack of Dover, His Quest of Inquirie, or His Privy Search
for the Veriest Foole in England. London, Printed for
William Ferbrand, and are to be sold in Pope's Head
Ally, over against the Taverne doore, neare the Exchange.*
1604. 4°.

The Merry Tales of Jacke of Dover; or his Quest, &c.
(as in the former ed.) Lond. 1615, 4°.

Both impressions are in the Bodleian Library.

It is extremely probable that of this little tract, several editions were published. On the 3rd August, 1601, Wm. Ferbrand had a licence to print "the second parte of Jack of Dover;" but the edition now reprinted is the oldest that is known to be extant.

It is evident that the term *Jack of Dover* is used here quite in a different sense from the one in which it is found in Chaucer (Prologue to the Cook's Tale). "*Jack of Dover*" was edited in 1842 for the Percy Society.

The title of "*Quest of Inquirie*," was perhaps recommended by the popularity of a tract, which appeared in 1595 under the title of.

"A Quest of Inquirie,
For Women to know,
Whether the tripe-wife were trimmed
By Doll, yea or no.

Gathered by Oliver Oat-Meale."

Henry Fitzgeffrey, in his *Satyres*, ed. 1620, alludes to *Jack of Dover, his Quest of Inquiry*, in a passage in which he is describing the popular literature of the day.

JACKE OF DOVERS QUEST OF INQUIRIE.

WHEN merry Jacke of Dover had made his privie search for the Foole of all Fooles, and making his inquirie in most of the principall places in England, at his returne home was adjudged to be the foole himselfe: but now, wearied with the motley coxcombe, he hath undertaken in some place or other to finde out a verier foole than himselfe. But first of all comming to London he went into Paules church where, walking very melancholy in the middle ile with captaine Thingut and his fellowes, he was invited to dine at duke Humphries ordinarie where, amongst many other good stomackes that repayred to his bountifull feast, there came in a whole jury of pennillesse poets who, being fellowes of a merry disposition (but as necessary in a common-wealth as a candle in a straw-bed) hee accepted of their company; and as from poets commeth all kind of foolerie, so he hoped by their good directions to find out this Foole of all Fooles

so long lookt for. So thinking to passe away the dinner time with some pleasant chat, least (being overcloyde with too many delicates) they should surfet, he discovered to them his merry meaning, who being glad of so good an occasion of mirth, instead of a cup of sacke and sugar for disjestion, these men of litle wit began to make inquirie and to search for this aforesayde foole, thinking it a deede of charitie to ease him of so great a burthen as his motley coxcombe was, and because such weake braines as are now resident almost in every place might take benefite hereat. In this manner began the inquirie.

The Foole of Herforde.

UPON a time (quoth one of the jurie) it was my chaunce to be in the cittie of Herforde, when, lodging in an inn, I was tolde of a certain silly witted gentleman there dwelling, that wold assuredly beleeve all things that he heard for a truth, to whose house I went upon a sleeveles arrand, and finding occasion to be acquainted with him, I was well entertained, and for three dayes space had my bed and boord in his house, where amongst many other fooleries, I, being a traveller, made him beleeve that the steuple in

Burndwood¹ in Essex sayled in one night as far as Callis in Fraunce, and afterward returned againe to his proper place. Another time I made him beleeeve that in the forest of Sherwood in Nottinghamshire were seene five hundred of the king of Spaines gallies, which went to besiege Robbinhoodes Well, and that fourty thousand schollers with elderne squirts performed such a peece of service, as they were all in a manner broken and overthrowne in the forrest. Another time I made him beleeeve that Westminster hall, for suspicion of treason, was banished for ten years into Staffordshire. And last of all, I made him beleeeve that a tinker should be bayted to death at Canterbury for getting two and twenty children in a yeere : whereupon, to proove me a lyer, he tooke his horse and rode thither ; and I, to verrifie him a foole, tooke my horse and rode hither. Well, quoth Jack of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolerie, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found that I looke for.

The Foole of Huntington.

AND it was my chaunce (quoth another of the jurie) upon a time to be at Huntington, where

(1) *i.e.* Brentwood, which is equivalent in meaning to the word in the text. The place was formerly known also as *Burntwood* or *Burndwood*.

I heard tell of a simple shoemaker there dwelling, who having two litle boyes, whom he made a vaunt to bring up to learning, the better to maintaine themselves when they were men ; and having kept them a yeere or two at schoole, he examined them, saying : my good boy (quoth he to one of them), what doest thou learne ? and where is thy lesson ? Oh, father, said the boy, I am past grace. And where art thou ? quoth he to the other boy, who likewise answered, that he was at the divell and all his workes. Now, Lord blesse us, quoth the shoemaker, whither are my children learning ? the one is already past grace, and the other at the divell and all his workes : whereupon he tooke them both from schoole, and set them to his owne occupation. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my mind was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of Fooles is not heere found that I looke for.

The Foole of Bedford.

NOT many yeeres ago (sayd another of the jurie), it was my chaunce to be at Bedford, where, in the time of my continuance there, the wives of that same place strove to exceed one another in brave apparell, and shee deemed herselfe the best woman that could get her garments made of the

most finest and strangest fashion ; but, amongst the rest, there was a certaine drapers wife, that although she could not put all other women downe in her upper garments, she meant to exceed them in her lower ; and therefore, when other women had their stockings of wosted, jersie, silke, and such like, she got her selfe a paire made of the finest satten, and which shee continually put on, when she went abroad with her neighbours, and who but shee (for the same) was talkt of almost in every company. Thus for a long time bore she the bel away, and for that fashion exceeded all her neighbours wives. But now marke what happened in the end. Her husbände, being a jollie lustie olde man, on a time looking over the subsidy booke, founde himselfe therein five pound more than he was before ; whereupon he presently went to maister Mayor of Bedford to get some abatement who, hearing of his wives fantasticke humour, and knowing how he kept her in bravery¹ beyond other women, would not grant him any, saying : Oh, sir (quoth Maister Mayor), is it not great reason that, sith your wife exceeds al other women in bravery, that you likewise exceede all other men in the Queenes bookes ? for shee, a Gods name, must be in her satten stockings ; neither wooll nor

(1) Old Edit. has *braverly*.

wosted will serve turne : whose fault is that, pray you ? To whom he replyed, saying : Oh, pardon me, sir, I beseech your worship ; I am an olde man, and not the first that have married with a wanton young woman, and youth coupled with age must needs have their owne swing. I tell your worshippe my good dayes be past ; and now because I cannot please her above the knee, I must needes please her beneath the knee, at which merry speeches M. Mayör got the payment in the Queenes books for that time abated. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heare found that I looke for.

The Foole of Buckingham.

THERE was of late (quoth another of the jurie) a certaine young man dwelling in Buckingham, who had long time (in the way of mariage) made sute unto a very rich widdow in the same towne, and to that purpose had spent much money ; but all in vaine ; for he had purchased no more favour at her handes than he had, when first he began his sute. Whereupon the young man (not meaning as yet to give over the same) went another way to worke, made it knowne to a cosen of his, being a

merry gentleman of the same towne who, taking the matter in hand, went to this widdowes house, and tolde her of his kinsman, an olde suter of hers, how he had now provided himselfe otherwise of a wife, and meant not to trouble her any further, and that he intended the next Sunday following to be askt in the church, but that he doubted she would forbid the banes. Not I, by my troth, quoth the widdow, nor any one for me. Whereupon the old gentleman procured her to set her hand to a bond of two hundred pound with this condition, that neither she, nor any one for her, by any means should then or at any time after, forbid, or cause it to be forbidden : the which being done, away goes he, and wils his foresayd kinsman to haste to the church, and against the next Sunday following, bespeake the banes betwixt the widdow and himselfe. When Sunday came, the widdow gets her up betimes in the morrow, decking herselfe in her best apparell, and withall she hyes unto the church, to heare who it was that her olde lover should marry. But when service was done, [and] (contrary to her expectation) she heard that her owne name was askt unto him, she was so abashed, that she knew not what to do : yet durst not (for feare of forfeiting her bond) make any meanes to have the banes forbidden, but of force was content to let

them alone ; and so at the day appoynted, she was maryed to the young man, who prooved a very carefull husband, and long lyved they together in great love and unitie. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolerie, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

The Foole of Northampton.

IN like manner (quoth another of the jurie) there dwelled a certaine rich gentleman of late in the towne of Northampton who, being somewhat given to the old religion, was very charitable to the poore, and every day gave many a good almes at his doore ; the which not a little greeved his wife, being a woman of a very covetous nature. But she, having by good huswifery gathered together a pretty stocke of money, came unto her husband (not knowing how to bestow it of her selfe) and delivered it to him, being a bag of good old angels, and withall requested him to lay it out (for her use) upon some house or land, that if God should call him away, shee might the better maintaine herselfe afterward. The good old gentleman, knowing his wives covetous nature, on this condition takes her bag of angels, promising with the same to buy her

a house for ever. But so it hapned, that within few daies after he changed his wives double gold into single silver, and alwayes when he went abroad (in a merry humour), he gave of the same money to the poore, so bountifully bestowing it that in a short time he had never a whit left. All this while the poore woman thought hee was espying her out a house; but at last, marvelling she heard no news thereof, tooke occasion to moove her husband of it, saying: I would gladly know, good husband [quoth she], where the house is you promised to buy with my money? Oh, good wife, quoth he, it is in heaven, wife: thy money hath purchased us for ever a house in heaven, a house that will never decay, but stand eternally: meaning, that the money he had given to the poore, had purchased them a house in heaven, where all good deeds are rewarded. But never after that time, would his wife give him any more money, but kept it secret alone to her selfe. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my mind was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not here found that I looke for.

*The Foole of Oxford.*¹

THERE was upon a time (quoth another of the jurie) a certaine merry black-smith dwelling in Oxford, who upon a great festival-day, was invited to dine at a noblemans table, who kept a house some two miles off; and being a merry conceited fellow, and full of jestes, he was placed amongst both honorable and worshipfull personages. To which table, amongst many other dainties, there was served in two gurnet fishes; the one, being of an exceeding great bignes, was set before the nobleman himselfe; the other, being a very little one, was placed in the dish that stood just before this same black-smith who, being in his merry moode, and having a desire to taste of the bigger fish, tooke the little one in his hand, and laide it close to his eare, harkning to it as though it would have spoken: which when the nobleman perceived, he greatly marvailed, and demaunded the cause of his doing so. Oh, my good lord, quoth hee, from a friend of mine lately drowned in the seas, I would gladly heare some newes; concerning whom I have asked this little fish, and he sayth, that as yet he can tell little, by reason of his tender age,

(1) See Joe Miller's Jests, edit. 1739, p. 21.

but he hath an olde kinsman (he sayth) can tell more of the matter, which now lyeth there in the dish before you ; therefore I beseech your honour let me talke with him a little. Herewithall the nobleman and his guestes were greatly delighted, and so reached him downe the bigger fish ; wherein the merry black-smith had his desire, and withall was well satisfied and contented. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolerie, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found that I looke for.

The Foole of Warwicke.

NOT many yeeres ago (quoth another of the jurie), there was dwelling in Warwicke a plaine country farmer, but none of the wisest ; who on a time rysing early in a morning, found his hose eaten and gnawne with rats ; and being therewith greatly troubled in minde, thinking the same to be some token of misfortune comming towards him, went unto a neighbour of his to crave his advice and counsell therein, and to know what it signified, saying, that it was the strangest thing that ever he saw. But his honest neighbour, noting the simplicitie of his wit, presently made him this answer : surely, good neighbour (quoth he), this is no such

strange thing as you speake of ; but if your hose had eaten the rattes, then had it been a strange thing indeed.¹ Hereupon the poore farmer, seeing himselfe thus flouted to his face, went his way all ashamed. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolerie, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

The Foole of Coventrie.

UPON a time, there was (quoth another of the jury) a certaine petty-cannon² dwelling in Coventrie, to whose house, upon a high feastival day, there came an expeart and curious musition, but very poore (as commonly men of the finest qualities be), and in hope of a reward offered to shew him the rarest musicke that ever he heard. Wilt thou so ? quoth the petty-cannon ; well, shew thy best, and the more cunningly that thou playest, the greater reward thou shalt have. Hereupon the poore musition cheered up his spirits, and with his instrument plaide in a most stately manner before him a long season ; whereunto the petty-cannon gave good care, and on a sodaine startes up, and gets him into his study, where he remained some three or

(1) See Tarlton's Jests, first printed about 1580, p. 237 of present vol.

(2) *i.e.* Minor Canon.

four hours, not regarding the poore musition that all this while stood playing in the hall, hoping for some reward or other. Afterwarde, when it grew towards supper time, downe came the petty-cannon againe, and walkes two or three times one after another by the musition, but sayes never a word; at which the musition began to marvell; and having nothing all this while given him for all his laboure, he boldly asked his reward. Why, quoth the petty-cannon, the reward I promised thee, I have already payde. As how? quoth the musition; as yet was nothing given me. Yes, quoth the petty-cannon, I have given thee pleasure for pleasure; for I have as much delighted thee with hope, as thou hast done me with musick. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

The Foole of Lester.

A CERTAINE knight there was (quoth another of the jury), that on a time, as he rode through Lester, had an occasion to alight and make water, and walking afterward a foote through the streetes, there came unto him a poore begger-man and asked of his worship one penny for God's sake.

One penny, quoth the knight, that is no gyft for a man of worship to give. Why then, quoth the begger, give me an angell. Nay, that (sayd the knight) is no almes for a begger to take. Thus both wayes did he shake him off, as one worthy of no reward for his presumption. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this is likewise pretty foolerie, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

The Foole of Nottingham.

THERE was of late in Nottingham (quoth another of the jury) a certain justice of peace who, one time ryding through the streete, he met with a swaggering companion called Cutting Tom who, in a braverie, tooke the wall of M. Justice, and almost tumbled both him and his horse downe into the dirt. Whereupon in an anger he caused the rufian to be staide, and asked him what he was. Mary (quoth Cutting Tom), I am a man as you are. But quoth the justice: whom dost thou serve? Whom do I serve! quoth he, why I do serve God. Serve God! sayd the justice; what! dost thou mocke mee! goe carry the knave to prison, Ile teach him some other answer, then to say I serve God. To the jaile was he born, where

for that night he lay, and on the morrow [was] brought before him againe. Now, sirra, quoth the justice, are you better advised yet? tell me, who do you serve now? Why, quoth Cutting Tom, I serve God still. But, sayd the justice, dost thou serve no body else? Yes, quoth he, I serve my Lord President of Yorke. Gods body, knave, why didst not say so at first? Mary, quoth he, because I had thought you had loved God better than my Lord President: for now I see for his sake I am set at liberty, and not for Gods; therefore Ile serve God no more, but stil my Lord President. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

The Foole of Lincolne.

As I heard say (quoth another of the jurie), there dwelled of late a certaine poore labouring man in Lincolne, who upon a time, after his wife had so reviled him with tongue mettle, as the whole streete rung againe for wearinesse thereof, at last he went out of the house, and sate him downe quietly upon a blocke before his owne doore; his wife, being more out of patience by his quietnes and gentle sufferaunce, went up into the chamber, and out at

the window powred downe a p****pot upon his head ; which when the poore man saw, in a merry moode he spake these words : now, surely, quoth he, I thought at last that after so great a thunder, we should have some raine. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere to be found that I looke for.¹

The Foole of Yorke.

OF late there was dwelling in Yorke (quoth another of the jury) a certaine merry cloathyre, a passing good house-keeper, and one whose table was free for any man ; but so it hapned on a time, amongst many other sitting at his table, there was a countrey gentleman named Maister Fuller, with whom as then he meant to be merry, and therefore finding occasion, he spake as foloweth : now, I pray you, Maister Fuller, quoth he (having as then divers sortes of wildfoule upon the table), which doe you thinke the better meat, of a partridge or a wood-cocke ? Mary, quoth he, I do thinke a partridge. Not in my minde, quoth the cloathyre : for I take

(1) This is of course merely the old story of Socrates and Xantippe made familiar to the English public by the *Merry Tales and Quick Answers* (1530), of which it is No. 49.

a woodcocke to be the better meate ; for a woodcocke is fuller in the wing, fuller in the legge, fuller in the pinion, and fuller is the woodcocke in all places ; at which the whole company laughed hartely, and M. Fuller heard himselfe called woodcocke by craft. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

The Foole of Durham.

UPON a time (quoth another of the jury) there was a certaine lewde pilfring fellow, that served a gentleman of Durham, whom he kept for no other purpose, but onely to make cleane the yardes, sweepe the streetes, fetch in water, and such other drudgeries. This fellow, upon a time having stolne and convaide away certaine trifling thinges out of his masters house, as he had done before in divers places where he dwelt, and being now detected for the same, and brought before his M., his excuse was, that by no meanes he could do withall, for it was his fortune to steale, and who (quoth he) can withstand his hard fortune ? Why then, said his maister, it is also thy hard fortune to be whipt, which being likewise thy destiny, thou canst not prevent it. Here the servant alleadged that for-

tune was the cause of his fault. The master likewise returneth, that fortune was the cause of his punishment. To be short, it was the poore fellowes hard fortune to be well whipt, and so turned out of service. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolerie, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

The Foole of Westchester.

UPON a time (quoth another of the jury), there was a widow woman dweling in Westchester, that had taken a certaine sum of mony of two cony-catchers, to keepe upon this condition, that she should not deliver it againe to the one without the other: but it so hapned that, within a while after, one of these coney-catchers fayned his fellow to be dead, and came in mourning cloathes to the woman and demaunded the money. The simple woman, thinking his words to be true; beleevd that his fellow was dead in deed, and there[u]pon delivered him the money. Now, within few dayes after commeth the other conicatcher, and of the woman likewise demaundeth the same money; but understanding of the delivery thereof before to his fellow without his consent (as the bargaine was made), he arrested

the poore woman to London, and brought her to great trouble ; but, being at last brought to tryall before the judges of the court, she sodainely slipt to the barre, and in this manner pleaded her owne cause. My good Lordes (quoth she), here is a fellow troubles me without cause, and puts me to a needles charge. What need he seeke for triall, when I confesse the debt, and stand heere ready to deliver his money ? Why, that is all, quoth the conicatcher, that I demaund. I, but (quoth the woman) do you remember your condition : which is, that I must not deliver it to the one without the other ? therefore, go fetch thy fellow, and thou shalt have thy mony. Hereupon the conicatcher was so astonished, that he knew not what to say : for his fellow was gone, and he could not tell where to find him ; by which meanes he was constrained to let his action fall, and by the law was condemned to pay her charges, and withall great dammages for troubling her without cause. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this, in my minde, was pretty foolery ; but yet the foole of all fooles is not heare found, that I looke for.¹

(1) A similar story occurs in *Mery Tales and Quick Answeres* (1530) ; but there it is Demosthenes who pleads the cause of a maid placed in the same predicament.

The Foole of Northumberland.

THERE was of late (quoth another of the jurie) a certaine simple fellow dwelling in Northumberland, that could not well remember his owne name, nor tell rightly to the number of just twentie, yet would many times give such good admonitions, as the wisest man in all the countrey could not give better; but amongst all other, this one is worthy of memory. For going in an evening through a greene felde, it was his chaunce to over heare a lusty young batchelor making sute to a faire milke-mayd for a night's lodging, who for the same demaunded a brace of angelles; whereupon the foole, sodainly starting backe, merrely said unto him: "Oh, my goode friende (quoth he), I prithee buy not repentance so dear—" ¹ signifying to the

(1) "Lais," says he (Sotion), "of Corinth, by the elegance and beauty of her person, obtained a prodigious deal of money; and it was notorious that she was visited by men of wealth from all parts of Greece; but no one was admitted who did not give her the sum she demanded, which, indeed, was extravagant enough. Hence, he (Sotion) remarked, arose that proverb so common in Greece, It is not for any man to sail to Corinth; that is, it was absurd for any man to visit Lais at Corinth, who was unable to give what she required. This woman was privately visited by Demosthenes, who desired her favours. But Lais asked a thousand drachmæ, or a talent; that is, in our money, equal to 100,000 sesterces. Demosthenes, struck with the petulance of the woman, and alarmed at the greatness of the sum, turned back; and as he was leaving her, said, I buy not repentance so dear."—Aulus Gellius *Noctes Attice*, transl by Beloe, i. 35-6.

will, that after dishonest pleasure, repentance followeth speedily. Well, quoth Jack of Dover, this in my minde was foolish wisdom, but yet the foole of all fooles is not heere found, that I looked for.

The Foole of Westmerland.

OF late was dwelling in Westmerland (quoth another of the jurie) a certaine simple taylor, that by his maister was sent some two mile off to a gentleman named Maister Taylor, to demaund a little money due unto his maister for making four sutes of apparell; but coming to the gentleman when he had not so much in the house as would discharge the debt, yet meaning not to abase his credditt so much as to tell the fellow so, he found this wittie shift to drive him off for that time: for, when the taylors man demanded the money, he asked the fellow what he was? and please your worship (quoth he), I am by occupation a taylor. A taylor is a knaves name (saith the gentleman); heeres every knave as well as myselfe will be a taylor: but I prithe, friend, what taylor art thou? for there be divers sorts of taylers; there be taylors by name, there be marchant tailors, there be womens taylers, there be snipping taylors,

there be cutting taylors, there be botching taylors, and there be honest taylors, and there be thieving taylors. By this description of taylors he drove the poore fellow to such a quandary that he knew not what to say, but returned like a fool as he went, without either money or answer. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my mind was pretty foolery, but yet the foole of all fooles is not here found, that I look for.

*The Foole of Lancaster.*¹

THERE was of late (quoth another of the jurie) a ploughman and a butcher dwelling in Lancaster who, for a trifling matter (like two fooles), went to law, and spent much money therein, almost to both their undoings; but at last, being both consented to be tride by a lawyer dwelling in the same town, each of them, in hope of a further favour, bestowed gyftes upon him. The ploughman first of all presented him a cupple of good fat hens, desiring Mr. Lawyer to stand his good friend, and to remember his suite in law; the which he courteously tooke at his handes, saying that what favour

(1) See Wright's *Latin Stories*, edited for the Percy Society, p. 73: *Merry Tales and Quick Answers* (1530), No. 22; and *Pleasant Conceits of Old Hobson*, 1607.

he could show him, he should be sure of the uttermost. But now, when the butcher heard of the presenting of these hens by the ploughman, hee went and presently killed a good fatte hogge, and in like manner presented it to the lawyer, as a bribe to draw him to his side; the which he also tooke very courteously, and promised the like to him as he did before to the other. But so it fell out that, shortly after, the verdict passed on the butchers side; which when the ploughman had notice of, he came unto the lawyer, and asked him wherefore his two hens were forgotten. Mary, quoth he, because there came in a fatte hogge and eate them up. Now a vengeance take that hog! quoth the ploughman, that eate both my suit in law and hens together! Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolery, but yet the foole of all fooles is not heere found, that I looked for.

The Foole of Worstershire.

THERE was on a time, remayning in Worstershire (quoth another of the jurie), a certain poet or vercifier, that had dedicated a booke of poetrie to a merrie gentleman there dwelling, thereby to purchase his favour and reward withall. When the

poet had presented the book unto him, the gentleman in outward show took it very kindly; but without any answer at all given to the poore scholler, he put it up into his pocket and went his wayes. Within a while after, the poet (to put him in minde thereof) gave him certaine excellent verses, the which he likewise tooke, and put into his pocket without any answer at all. In this manner, did the poore scholler oftentimes put the gentleman in minde of his goodwill, but all in vaine: for neither had he a reward nor answer at all backe. But now at last marke what hapned. When the gentleman saw he could not be rid of the poet by anie means, himselfe with his owne handes writ certaine verses in Latten, and when he spied him againe coming towards him, he sent him the verses by one of his servants: the scholler courteously tooke and read them, not only with a loude voyce, but with pleasing jesture and amiable countenance, praysing them with wonderfull admiration; and thereupon, coming nearer to the gentleman, he put his hand into his pocket, and pulled out a few single two-pences, and offered them unto him, saying: it is no reward for your estate (right worshipfull), but if I had more, more would I give. Hereupon the gentleman in regard of the schollers good wit, called his purse-bearer,

and commanded foure angells forthwith to be given him. Well, quoth Jacke. of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolerie, but yet the foole of all fooles is not heere found, that I look for.

The Foole of Winsor.

UPON a time, there was in Winsor (quoth another of the jurie), a certaine simple outlandish doctor of phisicke, belonging to the Deane, who on a day being at dinner in Eton Colledge, in a pleasant humor asked of Maister Deane what strange matter of worth he had in the colledge, that he might see, and make report of when he came into his own countrey. Whereupon the deane called for a boy out of the schole of some six yeeres of age who, being brought before him, used this speach : m. Doctor, quoth he, this is the onely wonder that I have, which you shall quickly find, if you will aske him any question. Whereupon the D. calling the boy to him, said these words :— my pretty boy (quoth he), what is it that men so admire in thee? My understanding, quoth the boy. Why, sayd the Doctor, what dost thou understand? I understand myselfe, said the boy, for I know myselfe to be a childe. Why, quoth

the Doctor, couldest thou thinke that thou wert a man? Not so easely, M. Doctor, answered the boy, as to thinke that a man may be a child. As how, sayd the Doctor? By this, quoth the boy: for I have heard, that an old man decayed in wit, is a kind of child, or rather a foole. With that the Doctor, casting a frowning smile upon the boy, used these words: truly, thou art a rare childe for thy wit, but I doubt thou wilt proove like a sommer apple: soone ripe, soone rotten; thou art so full of wit now, that I feare thou wilt have little when thou art old. Like enough, sayd the boy; but will you give me leave to shew my opinion upon your wordes? Yes, my good wag (sayd he). Then M. Doctor, quoth the boy, I gather by your words, that you had a good wit when you were young.¹ The Doctor, biting his lip, went his way, very much displeased at the boyes witty reasons, thinking himselfe ever after to be a foole. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this, in my minde, was pretty foolery, but yet the foole of al fooles is not here found, that I look for.

(1) The same anecdote has been related as a precocious burst of wit on the part of R. B. Sheridan when a boy. It is to be found in jest-books anterior to its appearance in *Jack of Dover*.

The Foole of Darbie.

UPON a time, there chaunced (quoth another of the jurie), to come unto a gentlemans house at Darbie, a certaine goldsmith of London who, after dinner, looking well upon the gentlemans cupboard of plate where, amongst many other peeces very richly wrought, he had a chiefe likeing to two silver cups. The one was made in fashion of a tigar, the other of a crab-fish; whereupon he desired the gentleman to lend him for a day or two the cup made like a tigar, to make another by it; which having obtained, he carryed it away with him, and kept at his house full three months; which the gentleman nothing pleased with, sent to him for it. Which having gotten home, it fell out that within few dayes after, the same goldsmith sent to the gentleman againe, to borrow his other cup of the crab-fish; to whose messenger the gentleman made this pleasant answer: I prithee, my good friend, quoth he, commende me to thy maister, and tell him I would be glad to doe him any pleasure, but seeing my tiger, which I tooke to be one of the swiftest beastes in the world, hath been three monthes in going between London and Darbie, truley I feare my crab is so slow, that if I should let him creepe out of my doores, he would

be three yeares in comming home againe, and therefore intreat him to pardon me. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my mind was pretty foolery ; but yet the foole of all fooles is not here found, that I looke for.

The Fool of Shrewesburie.

IN Shrewesburie, there was of late (quoth another of the jurie) a substantial innkeeper, that kept a certaine foole in his house, of whom he demanded on a time, of what profession he thought most men of the towne to be of? Who answered, that he thought they were phisitions. Phisitions! quoth the innkeeper ; what wager wilt thou lay on that? Mary, answered the foole, I will lay five crownes, and that within few dayes I will approve it, or else I will pay the money. Well, said the innkeeper, thou shalt either pay it, or be well payd for it, if it be not so: but if thou make it good, thou shalt have five crownes of mee. Content, quoth the foole. So upon the next morning he put a clout under his chin and over his mouth, and laying his hand under his jawes, went hanging his head up and downe the towne, as if he had bin very sicke ; but at last, comming into a cutlers shop, a friend of his, he made a great shew of the paine of the

toothach, asking of him a medicine for the same ; who presently taught him one, with which he thankfully departed : and with this device he went almost to every house of the towne, to learne a medicine for the toothach, setting downe in a booke divers medicines, with their names that gave them : which being done, he returned to the innkeeper, with his clout about his mouth, seeming to be sore payned with the toothach, which the innkeeper perceiving, in pittie brake into this speech : alas ! poore foole, never feare it, if it be but the toothach ; Ile helpe thee presently. I pray you do (quoth the foole) : for I am in cruell paine : which he no sooner taught him, but the foole, pulling off his clout, fell into a great laughing, with these words : this is the best medicine that ever I learned : for it hath not onely made me whole, but hath gotten me five crownes. As how ? said the innkeeper. Mary, thus, quoth the fool. You layde a wager with mee, that most of the towne were not phisitions, and I have proved that they be : for most part in every house I have learned medicines for my teeth, and they that give medicines can be no other then phisitions ; in witnes whereof see heere in my booke what is set downe. The innkeeper, seeing himselfe thus overreacht, confessed the wager, and payde the foole his money.

Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my mind was pretty foolery, but yet the foole of all fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

The Foole of Winchester.

Not far from Winchester, there dwelled (quoth another of the jury) a certaine simple justice, to whom a country gentleman made complaint of the ill demeanors and disordered lives of many under officers in his libertie, requesting him that he would send for them, and put them in some feare: the which he promised to do. Whereupon he sent his warrant for all the bayliffes, constables, headborroughes and churchwardens, that were in his liberty ; and putting them altogether in a great chamber, he put on a night gowne which was furred with blacke lambe skins, with the wrong side outward, and so with his hand before his face, as halfe blinded, ran backwards at them, crying "Boe bul-bagger," as some use to feare children withal, and so, according to the gentlemans complaint, he feared them away. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolery ; but yet the foole of all fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

The Foole of Gloster.

UPON a time (quoth another of the jurie), a certaine fellow, wanting money, came unto Gloster, where hapning into the company of a sort of maister colliars, he sodainly began this speech : my good friends (quoth he), if any of you will gaine by a poore man, draw neare. I will give you that thing for a shilling a peece which, if you use it well, shall be worth a crowne to you ; whereupon the colliars, in hope of benefite, bestowed some few shillings upon him, and he to every one of them gave fower yardes of fine threed, which of purpose he had in his pocket : but to every one that receaved the threed he gave this item : take heed, quoth he, when you see a foole or a knave, that you let him not come neare you by the length of this threed, and it will be worth a crowne the observing of it ; whereat they all laughed to see themselves made fooles in this manner. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolery, but yet the foole of all fooles is not heere found, that I look for.

The Foole of Devonshire.

AFTER this, travelling from Gloster, I tooke my journey into Devonshire where, in the time of my

continuance there, I had intelligence of a plaine countrye ploughman there dwelling, who for his simpleness almost every one made a foole of; but amongst the rest a certaine covetous gentleman, having a desire to a good milch cow which this poore ploughman had, would very often times say in his hearing, that what gyftes soever any man gave him with a goodwill, should before the yeeres end be turned double againe. This poore ploughman, noting his wordes very often, and thinking to have two kine for his one before the yeeres end, which would, as he thought, be a great benefite to him, gave him his said cow; the covetous gentleman taking the same very gladly, meaning never to returne her backe, put her into his neathouse amongst his other kine. The poore ploughman hying himselfe home, daily expecting when his cow should come home double, at last unawares in an evening, he heard his cow low before his window, which by chaunce had broke out of the gentlemen stable, and an other fat oxe with her; which when the ploughman saw, he held up his handes blessing himselfe, saying: see how the Lord workes with this good gentleman: for he, pitying my estate, hath sent my cow double home in deed, the which I will here take at his handes very thankfully. So dryving them both into his house, he

killed the fat oxe and salted him up in powdring tubbes, and caryed his cow the next morning againe to the gentleman, saying : and please your worship, yester night you sent her home to my house according to your promise, which heere I give to you againe to day, hoping still of your wonted curtesies. The gentleman, not regarding his speeches, but thinking them to be mere foolishnesse in deede, tooke the poore mans cow againe, and put her into his stable amongst his beastes as before he did : but the cowe, not forgetting her old maisters house, came still once a weeke home with a fellow, and so continued until such time as the poore ploughman had sixe or seaven of the gentleman's best beeves in his powdring tubs ; but, being discoverd, the gentleman could never by his owne wordes recover any thing at the poore mans handes. This in my minde was pretty foolerie : but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

The Foole of Cornwall.

THUS travelling with my privie search from Devonshire, I came to Cornwall, where after I had made my jorney, I was told of a humorous knight dwelling in the same countrey, who upon a time

having gathered together in one open market place a great assemblie of knightes, squires, gentlemen and yeomen, and whilest they stood expecting to heare some discourse or speach to proceed from him, he in a foolish manner (not without laughter) began to use a thousand jestures, turning his eyes this way, then that way, seeming alwayes as though he would have presently begun to speake ; and at last, fetching a deepe sigh, with a grunt like [a] hogge, he let a beastly loude ****, and tould them that the occasion of this calling of them together was to no other ende, but that so noble a **** might be honoured with so worthy a company as there was. This in my mind was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not yet found, that I looke for.

The Foole of Hampshire.

AFTER this I tooke my jorney from Cornewall, and came into Hampshire, where remayning in the towne of Southampton, I heard of a certaine old begger woman who upon a time came a begging to a Dutchmans doore there dwelling, and seeing a jacke an apes¹ there on the stal mumping and moing at her, she, according to her wit, sayd : oh, my pretty boy, quoth she, I prithee mocke me not ;

(1) See *A C. Merry Talys*, No. 6.

for I may be thy grandam by mine age : which word a young man of the house overhearing, sayd unto her : oh, mother, you mistake : for this is no child you speake unto. No, is it not ? quoth she ; I pray what is it then ? Mary, sayd the fellow, it is a jack an apes. A jack an apes ! quoth she ; now, Jesus ! what these Fleminges can make for money !—thinking verily it had been a thing made by mens hand. This in my minde was a pretty foolerie, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

The Foole of Barkshire.

TRAVELLING after this from Southampton, I tooke my jorney into the country of Barkshire where, not far from Reading, I heard tel of a certaine lewde doctor of phisicke, that bore such affection to a mealemans wife of the same countrey, that shee by no meanes could be rid of him, whereupon she certified her husband thereof. He in this manner was revenged on him ; thus it hapned. Upon a time this merry mealeman counterfeited himselfe to be starke mad, and caused his wife to send for this doctor with all speed ; who no sooner received the message, as well to shewe his love to the woman he affected, as to have reward of her

husband, came with all speed to this counterfeit patient; the newes of whose comming was no sooner brought to the meale-man, who attended his comming in his bed, but presently he made such a show of madnesse, as if he had been possessed with a thousand devils; to whose presence the doctor being brought, with many chearfull words he comforted the meale-man, who stared in his face, as if he would have torn him in peeçes: yet ceased not his friendes about him to yeeld the doctor many thanks, beseeching him to regard the manner of his fits, and to view the water he made that morning, to which he willingly agreed: for which purpose there was prepared in an urinall the water of a mare great with fole, which the doctor viewed and again revewed, having never seene the like before, casting many doubtes of the meale-mans recoverie, standing thus in a quandary, as one driven to a non-plus; which by the meale-mans friendes being perceived, they drew him secretly into another roome, earnestly desiring him to shew his opinion of the disease, whether it were dangerous or no. The doctor, being loath to speake what he found, yet to satisfie their mindes, he thus sayd: be it knowne, quoth he, that the strangenes of the water sheweth a thing contrary to nature: for by it I see he hath within his body

some lyving forme, and a child it is in my opinion, for which I am sorry, and desire you that be his good friendes, to pray for him, that God may take mercy on his soule. Hereupon the mealemans wife being then present, and meaning with the rest to follow still the jest, hearing of so strange a report, cryed out against her husband, fayning a desembling cry, and wishing herselfe never to have been borne, rather then to live a poynting stocke in the world: which speech being verie well delivered, as one possessed with a divell, she in a great rage flung away from the company, and would not be intreated to returne againe. The doctor, having heard so woefull a cry proceed from the saint he so dearly loved, thought all had bin faithfully ment, which was faynedly spoken; therefore, going secretly alone unto her where she sate, and in brieft termes of wooing, promised her, if she would grant to become his wife, he would sodainely end her griefe by the death of her husband: therefore [quoth he] say amen to my sute, and I will give him such a drinke as soone will dispatch his life. The woman, not as yet meaning to marre the pastime they intended, requested him to stay for her answer till the morrow, and to take a hard lodging in her house for that night, to which the doctor most willingly agreed, and so,

after supper was ended, he was conducted to his bedde, where he was no sooner warme, but the mealeman, playing his mad pranks, entered the chamber, breaking open the doore to the doctors admiration ; who in a fearefull manner asked what he wold have ! Villaine, quoth the mealeman, be still, or die upon my knife ! The D. knowing it was but follie to resist a mad man, most quietly yeelded to his will ; whereupon the mealeman, binding him hand and foote, called in his friendes, who came in disguised, and with burtchin rods so belabored the doctor, as they left him no skinne on his body. That done, they plunged him in a tubbe of salt brine over head and eares, that he forgot his love, and almost himselfe : so leaving him to his rest till morning ; and then they brought with them a surjion, who in the presence of them all cut out his stones ; which being done, and the wound drest, they caused him upon a mangie jade to be horst, and so sent him away to seeke his fortune. This in my mind was pretty foolerie, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I look for.

The Foole of Essex.

AFTER this, I tooke my journey from Berkshire, and came into Essex where, searching up and

downe the countrey, I was tolde of a certaine widow dwelling there that was evermore troubled with foure importunate suters, namely: a lawyer, a merchant, a souldier and a courtier; every one of them so earnest in their affections, that no nay would serve turne: for the widow they must needes have, whether she will or no. But she, bearing more love to the courtier then to all the rest, she like a wily wench rid them off in this manner. To the lawyer she first comes, and secretly comfortes him, saying, that above all others she had chosen him for her husband, and none but he; but, quoth she, you know how I am troubled with my other suters, and except we be secretly convaide to church without their knowledge, surely we shall by them be intercepted; therefore to morrow morning Ile have you tied up in a meale sacke heere in my house, and by a porter (which I will sende) shal be borne to Chelmsford,¹ where I in mans apparel will stay your comming, and so without any of their suspitions we will be married together; which pollicie the lawyer so well lyked of, that he was got readie in the sacke by three a clocke the next morning. But now the widdow, in the meane time, had told the merchant, that shee would be his wife, and none but his, and that

(x) Old ed. has *Chensford*.

hee the same morning should come like a porter, and fetch her to church tyde up in a meale-sacke, the which he was very diligent to doe ; and, attyred thus in a porters apparell, he was set to carry the lawyer in the sacke to Chelmsford instead of the widdow. Who being both deceived and gone forward on their journey, she sent the souldier after them, (disguised like a singer) to belabour their fooles coates soundly, with this condition, that at his returne she would make him her husband. This hope caused the souldier to be as willing to performe her desire, as she to command his labour. But now marke the jest ! Whilst these three were sent like woodcocks to Chelmsford, the courtier and she were maryed together at Burntwood. Which in my minde was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found that I looke for.

The Foole of London.

AT my first entrie into London, and making my privy search there for this aforesayd foole, I was told of a rich usurers sonne there dwelling, who at his fathers discease was left owner of a very sumptuous house, with great store of lands belonging thereunto ; which humerous young man,

upon a time seeing one of his neighbours having built his house in forme of a castle, with ditch and rampires about it, he desired to have his made of the like fashion. The which being no sooner finished, but he saw another of his neighbors have a faire set of apple trees in the forme of an orchard, he desired to have the like, and caused his aforesaid house to be plucked downe, and planted in the place such a set of apple trees as the other man had ; which being come to a good groath, he caused them also to be rooted up, saying, it were far better to have it a field of cabages : and in the ende his sumptuous house came to be a garden of cabages. Yet not suffised with this, he, in an other humor, bought all the geese in that country, supplanted his garden of cabages, and made it a faire greene for these creatures to graze upon ; and [I,] being a friend of his, asked wherefore he did so. He answered that from geese came feathers, wherewith to make bouldsters and beds, and of them he had greater neede then of cabages, or such like thinges, that grow in gardens. This was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

The Fooles of Paules, or Fooles in Generall.

WELL (quoth one of the jury), if we cannot finde the foole we looke for amongst these fooles before named, one of us will be the foole: for in my minde, there cannot be a verier foole in the world then is a poet: for poets have good wits, but can not use them; great store of money, but can not keepe it; and many friends, till they lose them: therefore we thinke fit to have a parliament of poets,¹ and to enact such lawes and statutes, as may proove beneficial to the commonweth of Jacke of Dovers motly coated fooles.

(1) "The Penniles Parliament of Threadbare Poets" is no doubt here referred to. The earliest impression now known is that of 1608, reprinted for the Percy Society as a sequel to *Jack of Dover*; but there can be little question that older editions once existed, and of these a copy or two may lurk in some unsuspected corner. The probability seems to be that the *Parliament of Threadbare Poets* was originally published in the same year as *Jack of Dover* itself, that is to say, in 1600-1. Though appended to *Jack of Dover* in the edition issued by the Percy Society, it is quite a distinct piece; and as it does not come within the category of a story or jest book, and is not very entertaining, the present editor did not think it worth publication.

ADDITIONAL NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

MERIE TALES OF SKELTON.

P. 3. *How Skelton came late home to Oxford from Abington.*

A somewhat similar incident to this occurs in a collection of stories printed about 1620 under the title of "Pleasant Taunts, Merry Tales, Moderne Jests, and Witty Jeeres." "An unhappy Boy, lying in the streets, on a cold winter night, cryed: Fire, Fire: the people lookt out of their windowes, and cryde, where, where? Marry, quoth the Boy, I would I knew myselfe, for I would gladly warme me."

P. 7. *note 2.* Patents and monopolies.

In the Comedy of *A Knack To Know a Knave*, 1594, the following dialogue occurs among the "applauded merrimentes of the Wise Men of Goteham":—

King. How now, Perin, who have we here?

Cobler. We, the townsmen of Goteham,
Hearing your Grace would come this way,
Did think it good for you to stay.

* * * * *

And we are come to you alone
To deliver our petition.

King. What is it, Perin, I pray thee reade.

Perin. Nothing, but to have a license to brew strong ale thrise a week, and he that comes to Goteham and will not spend a penie on a pot of ale, if he be a drie, that he may fast.

King. Well, Sirs, we grant your petition."

P. 8. *The Welshman sayde: wryte dryncke, &c.*

"One being desired to ask three things, which hee would have graunted, hee askt, 1st, as much ale as would serve him all his life; then what hee would have in the second place, as much tobacco as would serve his life; then, what in the third place, he stood still awhile: the King prest him to speak quickly; hee then said, more ale!"—*Ward's Diary*, p. 95.

P. 10. *Musket*.—

In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii. sc. 3, there is the following passage :—

"*Mrs. Ford*. How now, my eyas-musket? what news with you?

Robin. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent! have you been true to us?"

Here *musket* signifies "a young rogue," not "a young hawk," as some of the modern editors explain it.

P. 14. *It is merie in the hall, &c.*—

As to the antiquity of this proverbial expression, see Mr. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, new ed. 222-3, where it is traced back to the beginning of the fourteenth century.

P. 19. *Ka me, ka the*.—

So in Massinger's *City Madam*, 1658, act iv. sc. 2, Luke says :—

'Argue that hereafter ;

In the mean time, Master Goldwire, you that made

Your ten-pound suppers ; kept your punks at livery

In Brentford, Staines, and Barnes and this, in London ;

Held correspondence with your fellow-cashiers,

Ka me, ka thee! and knew, in your accompts,

To cheat my brother ;—"

In Gifford's and Coleridge's editions of Massinger, *Barnet* is printed instead of *Barnes*.

P. 20. *Skelton saide, it is a great banner, &c.*

See Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, ed. 1849, i. 200.

P. 28. *lyghted a sorte of little waxe candles*.

In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iv. sc. 4, *Mrs. Page* proposes to dress up a certain number of little children as fairies, &c. for the purpose of playing a trick on Falstaff at Herne's Oak.

"*Mrs. Page*. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus :

Nan Page, my daughter, and my little son,

And three or four more of their growth we'll dress

Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,

With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads."

JESTS OF SCOGIN.

Introduction. Meredith Hanmer, in the Epistle dedicatory of his translation of Eusebius, 1577, speaks of "the stories of King Arthur, the monstrous fables of Garagantua, the Hundred Merry Tales, Skogan, Fortunatus, with many other infortunate treatises."

See "A Brown Dozen of Drunkards (alias Drinkhards) whipt and shipt to the Isle of Gulls, for their abusing Mr. Malt the bearded son, and Barley-broth the brainlesse Daughter, of Sir John Barleycorn," 1648, 4°.

As to Andrew Borde, see *Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*, 1857, p. 799, 822. Henry Fitzgeffrey, in his *Satyrs*, first printed in 1617, enumerates the *Jests of Scoggin* among the popular tracts which were current in his day.

At the trial of Elizabeth Cellier for libel, 1793. &c.

By an oversight, discovered only when the sheet had been printed off, the date of 1793 was allowed to stand as that of the trial of Elizabeth Cellier, which took place in 1680, 32 Car. II. In the *Diary of the Rev. John Ward*, ed. Severn, p. 180, the name is printed *Collier*; but in the *State-Trials*, as edited by Cobbett, it stands *Cellier*. On the latter work I place no reliance, and I have not met with any original account of the proceedings.

The Prologue.—"There is nothing beside the goodnesse of God, that preserves health so much as honest mirth . . . as it doth plainly appear in the Directions for health."

The passage, to which Borde refers, occurs in the Preface of his *Dietary of Helth*, 1542, addressed to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, and is as follows:—"For myrth is one of the chefest thynges of Physycke, the which doth advertysse every man to be mery, and to be beware of pency-fulnes."

P. 54. *Casting of Water.*

This old practice is ridiculed in a rather droll, but very coarse, story related of Dr. Ratcliffe, the physician, in the *Complete London Yester*, 1763, ed. 1771, p. 26.

P. 56. *What shift Scogin and his fellow made, when they lacked money.*

It seems not improbable, that the force of this jest may lie in the circumstance that, in Lincolnshire (and the dictionaries intimate in other parts of the country), a sheep of a certain age is called a *hog*. The

precise age, again, is a matter on which there is a good deal of difference of opinion, but Mr. Halliwell (*Archaic Dictionary*, voce *Hog*) thinks that, when the term is used by early writers in this sense, a *yearling* is always intended.

P. 64. *Christ cross row letters*—

In *Laugh and Be Fat*, a collection of verses intended as "a Commentary upon the Oldcombian Banket," 1611, 4^o, one of the writers says:—

"But saucie K, I see, will have a place,
When all the Crosse-row shall endure disgrace."

Here *Crosse-row* stands for *the alphabet*.

The French have a similar form of expression. Cotgrave (*Dict.* ed. 1650) explains *la croix de par Dieu* to be "the Christe-crosse-row, or, the hornebooke wherein a child learns it!" Wynkyn de Worde printed a tract under the title of *Christe crosse me spede*, A.B.C.A. *lytell proper yeste*.

See Johnson's *New Book of New Concepts*, 1630 (Halliwell's *Lit. of xvth and xviith Centuries illustrated*, p. 211).

P. 65. *Opposition* is here used of course in a different sense from that in which the word occurs in Pepys' *Diary*, 6th ed. i. 6. "*Opposition*" was employed by the Diarist to signify the declamations held at St. Paul's School between the opponents and respondents. They are now called *appositions* (see Editor's note).

P. 78. *How the Priest was complained on, &c.* and *Note*.

Stories of this kind, being generally founded on fact, are of course very frequent. In his *Fabliaux*, adapted from Le Grand, Way has introduced the tale of the "Priest who had a Mother in spite of Himself." Here a similar kind of incident is also brought to a comic termination. See Way's *Fabliaux*, ed. 1796-1800, i. 49.

It seems to have been a common ground of complaint against the Roman Catholic priesthood from the time of Scogin to the time of Elizabeth, that they preferred unlawful, to lawful, unions. Gascoigne does not overlook this point in the *Steele Glas*, 1576:—

"Not one of these (for twentie hundreth groats),
Wil teach the text, that byddes him take a wife,
And yet be combred with a concubine."

P. 109. *Hee may goe pipe in an ivy leafe*.

Here we have the modern phrase "to go and whistle" in its antient dress. Chaucer, in the *Knight's Tale*, introduces it as follows:—

"To speke of real lynage and riches,
Though that sche were a queen or a prynces,

Ilk of yow bothe is worthy douteles
 To wedde when tyme is ; but, natheles,
 I speke as for my Suster Emelye,
 For whan ye have this stryf and jelousye ;
 Ye woot youreself sche may not wedde two
 Att oones, though ye frighten ever nu :
 That oon of yow, or be him loth or leef,
 He may go pypen in an ivy leef."

And again in *Troilus and Cresside*, the writer says :—

" But, Troilus, thou mayst now, este or weste,
 Pipe in an ivy leef, if that the leste."

P. 113. *For I will face him downe, that I am his godfather, &c.*—

In Pepys' *Diary*, under date of 11th April, 1661, there is the following :—

" By and by, we come to two little girls keeping coves, and I saw one of them very pretty, so I had a mind to make her aske my blessing, and telling her that I was her godfather, she asked me innocently whether I was not Ned Warding, and I said that I was, so she kneeled down, and very simply called, ' Pray, godfather, pray to God to bless me,' which made us very merry, and I gave her twopence."

P. 117. *Of him that thought Pauls steeple had been so high, that one might looke over it.*

" Afterwards they proceeded, and came to S. Pauls Church, whose steeple was so hie, that it seemed to pierce the clowdes, on the top whereof, was a great and mighty weather-cocke, of cleane siluer, the which notwithstanding seemed as small as a sparrow to mens eyes,—it stood so exceeding high, the which goodly weathercocke was afterwards stolne away by a cunning cripple, who found means one night to climb vp to the top of the steeple, and tooke it downe. . . ."—*Pleasant History of Thomas of Reading*, by T. D., circa 1597, ed. Thoms, p. 41.

P. 119. *How Scogin chalked out his wife the way to church.*

The expression *to chalk*, which is here used in a literal sense, as it is also in an imitation of the story to be found in the *Pleasant Conceits of Old Hobson*, 1607, subsequently served, in a general way, merely to signify *to mark out*. So in *Northward Hoe*, 1607, 4^o, act v. sc. 1 :—

" *Phil.* No, as I'm virtuous, sir ; ask the two gentlemen.

Lever. No, in truth, sir. She told us that, inquiring at London for you or your son, your man *chalked out* her way to Ware.

In the *Tempest*, act v. sc. 1, this phrase is used in its later sense, merely as equivalent to *direct* or *guide* :—

"*Gonsalo*. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoken ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown :
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
That brought us hither."

P. 124. *The king said: thou must look him as well where he is not,
as where he is, &c.*

"I have read that Attyla, king of Pamoria, slew eleven thousand virgines at the siege of Colonia; but a man might induce mee, without a sermon pareneticall for exhortation, that hee might seeke bothe where they were and were not, as Skoggin did the hare, and presse an army royall of arrand honest women," &c.—Melbancke's *Philotimus*, 1583. (see "British Bibliographer," iv. 446).

P. 127 *How Scogin told the Frenchmen, &c.*

One of the "Jests of the Man called Howleglas" was "How he wold flye from the house-top." "Flying" from the tops of churches appears to have been, long after Scogin's time, one of the expedients adopted by strolling adventurers to replenish their pockets at the expense of lovers of such novelties. Thus, in the *Complete London Jester*, 1763, ed. 1771, p. 98, we find the following account:—

"A Man who travell'd the Country, and got his Bread by flying upon a Rope off the Tops of Steeples &c. applied once to a learned Bishop for leave to fly from the Top of the Cathedral, and engaged some People of Weight to speak in his Favour; to whom his Lordship reply'd; '*Tis inconsistent with my Duty and the Nature of my Functions, to permit any Man to fly from the Church; but your Friend may fly to it if he will.*'"

P. 156. *How divers Gentlemen of the Court came to Scogin's house to make merry.*

This story is apt to remind the reader of the invitation of Catullus to his friend Fabullus, Lib. 1, Ep. 13:—

"Cornabis bene, mi Fabulle, apud me
Paucis, si dii tibi favent, diebus;
Si tecum attuleris bonam atque magnam
Cornam, non sine candida puella,
Et vino, et sale, et omnibus cachinnis.
Hæc si, inquam, attuleris, Fabulle noster,
Cornabis bene: nam tui Catulli
Plenus sacculus est araneorum;

Sed, contra, accipies meros amores,
 Seu quid suavius elegantiusve est :
 Nam unguentum dabo, quod meæ puellæ
 Donarunt Veneres Cupidinesque ;
 Quod tu cum olfacies, deos rogabis,
 Totum te faciant, Fabulle, nasum."

P. 160. *Friends, said Scogin, when I came into this world, &c.*

"Nudus ut in terram veni, sic nudus abibo,
 Quid frustra sudo, funera nuda vident?"

Thomæ Mori et G. Liliæ Progymnasmata (T. M.
Lucubrationes, 1563, p. 174).

SACKE-FULL OF NEWES.

Introduction. An edition of this volume, London, printed by H. B. 1683, 12°, is in the Pepysian Library. It seems not unlikely that this book is referred to in the following passage from Decker and Webster's play of *Westward Ho*, 1607, act v. scene 3 :—

"*Mabel.* Your flesh and blood is very well recovered now, mouse.

Wafer. I know 't is ; the collier has a *sack-full of newes* to empty."

P. 176. *And I will cause the matter to be judged by the next man that cometh, &c.*

In the *History of Fryer Bacon* there is a similar incident, though the circumstances differ. See that work, ed. Thoms, p. 15. "Thou art a deceiver (said the gentleman) and gavest me money to cheat me of my soule, for else why wilt thou be thy own judge? let me have some other to judge between us. Content, said the Devill; take whom thou wilt. Then I will have (said the gentleman) the next man that commeth this way. Hereto the Devill agreed."

TARLTON'S JESTS.

Introduction. I ought to have mentioned that several of "Tarlton's Jests" are copied, for the most part without any variation, in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, by Anthony Copley, of which the 1st edition was in 1595, 4°.

P. 201. *Tarlton's answer to a nobleman's question.*

"One asked Tom of Chester what soldiers were like in the time of peace. Indeed, said Tom, they are like chimnies in summer."—*History of Tom of Chester*, n. d. (repr. in Mr. Halliwell's *Palatine Anthology*, 1850).

P. 211. *There was a crack-rope boy.*

Crack-rope is here and elsewhere employed to signify, not necessarily in an offensive sense, *urchin* or *rascal*. "A young crack-rope" was formerly equivalent to our "young rascal." So Webster, in *A Cure for a Cuckold*, act iii. scene 1, makes *Compass* say of a boy, who had done him some useful service:—"This was the honest crack-rope first gave me tidings of my wife's fruitfulness."

P. 218. *But ever after it was a by word throw London: God a mercy horse, &c.*

Compare the following passage:—

Idleness. By my leaue, in spite of my teath;

God a mercy horse!

This is that must needes be,

Quoth the good man, whenn he made his wyfe

Giue the basket."

Marriage of Wit and Wisdom, circa 1580 (Shaksp.

Soc. ed. p. 27).

And in the very popular ballad: *Ragged, and torn, and true* (Chappell, 268), there are these lines:—

"The ostler to maintain

Himself with money in 's purse,

Approves the proverb true,

And says: Grammercy, horse."

Hence probably originated the phrase of *God-a-mercy penny*, which forms the burden of the Ballad entitled "There's nothing to be had without Money." Another production in the ballad form called "A Fair Portion for a fair maid," is directed to be sung to the tune of *God a mercy Penny*.

P. 229. *How Tarlton saved his head from cutting off.*

"His [Sir Thomas More's] house was at Chelsey, in Middlesex, where Sr John Danvers built his house. The chimney-piece of marble, in Sr John's 'chamber, was the chimney-piece of Sr Thomas More's chamber, as Sr John himselfe told me. Where the gate is now, adorned with two noble pyramids, there stood anciently a gate-house, w^{ch} was flatt on the top, leaded, from whence is a most pleasant prospect of the Thames and the fields beyond: at this place the L^d Chancellour More was wont to recreate himselfe, and contemplate. It happened one time, that a Tom of Bedlam came up to him, and had a mind to have thrown him from the battlements, saying, 'Leap, Tom, leap.' The Chancellour was in his gowne, and besides ancient, and not able to struggle with such a strong fellowe. My L^d had a little dog with him: sayd he, 'Let us first throwe the dog downe, and see what sport that will be;' so the dog was throwne over. 'This is very fine sport,' sayd my L^d, 'fetch him up, and try once more;' while the madman was goinge downe, my L^d fastened the dore, and called for help, but ever after kept the door shut."—Aubrey's *Lives of Eminent Men*, 1813, ii. 462-3.

See also Copley's *Wits, Fitts, and Fancies*, 1614, 4^o, p. 171.

P. 232. *Whether a daw sit, &c.*

These verses were either appropriated by Tarlton, or were falsely ascribed to him by the compiler of the *Jests*: for they may be found in John Heywood's *Epigrams*, 1562, 4^o.

P. 253. *Some one wrote the following epitaph, &c.*

This witticism is inserted, with a few variations, in *Le Prince d'Amour*, 1660, p. 114. There the name of the author of the jest is not named; but it is merely said that "one, noting the epitaph, writ as followeth."

P. 253. *O cruell death, &c.*

Shakespeare seems to have had this story in his mind, when he wrote the following passage in *Love's Labour's Lost*, 1598, act v. sc. 2:—

"*Kath.* Veal, quoth the Dutchman;—Is not veal a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half:

Take all, and wear it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? Do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before you horns do grow!"

JESTS OF GEORGE PEELE.

P. 286. *She-Sinon*.

I entertain little doubt as to the correctness of this reading. Mr. Halliwell, in his *Dictionary of Archaic Words*, has *sinnowed*, "gaily ornamented," and *sinnow*, "a woman very finely dressed." In support of the former signification, Mr. Halliwell cites a passage from Nash's *Pierce Penniles*, 1592; but I am quite persuaded that *Sinon*, and not *sinnow*, was the word written by the compiler of Peele's Jests: for *She-Sinon*, i.e. a traitress, is perfectly intelligible and appropriate, whereas *She-sinnow* (assuming Mr. Halliwell's definition, for which he gives no authority, to be accurate) is utterly meaningless in the present passage, where Peele's daughter, so far from being "a woman very finely dressed," is supposed to be in great poverty, and to be running about the street with dishevelled hair. *Sinon* is said to have been related to Ulysses, and to have accompanied the latter to the siege of Troy, which he was the means of betraying to his countrymen. A good account of him may be seen in Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of Classical Biography*, art. *SINON*. The expression *traitress* is now used more commonly than otherwise in a playful sense. Since the above was written, I have discovered that Mr. Dyce, in the revised edition of Peele, royal 8vo. has also the reading *She-Sinon*, of which I was not previously aware.

In *Diella*, &c. by R. L. 1596, sonnet xi. the lover says of his mistress:—

"She calls my love a Synon to her hart."

P. 293. *And he was in a manner an ingle to George*.

Decker, in his *Guls Horn Book*, 1609, ed. Nott, p. 171-2, appears to employ the word in its original and more offensive sense. "— Salute at parting no man but by the name of 'Sir;' as though you had supped with knights; albeit you had none in your company but your perinado, or your inghle."

P. 294, note 1. *Brocke* . . .

A curious exemplification of the undefined meaning and application of this word, and of its wide range of meaning in writers long before the Elizabethan age, occurs in the *Freres Tale* (Chaucer's Works, by Bell, ii. 98), where the carter urges on his loitering horse with:—

"Hayt, brok; hayt, scot—"

The word is also used by Shakespeare as a term of contempt, and not in its literal and strict sense, where Sir Toby Belch says to Malvolio: "Marry, hang thee, *brock*."—(*Twelfth Night*, act ii. sc. 5.)

P. 297. *A Jest of George going to Oxford.*

In a note on this feat of Peele's I have observed the discrepancy between the account given in the *Jests* and the corresponding passage in the *Puritan*, 1607. I omitted to mention that, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iv. sc. 5, Shakespeare has introduced an incident, which seems to show that he had in his recollection at the time the story of George Pyeboard. It is in the scene where Nym desires to ask the Wise Woman of Brentford for her assistance in discovering who had stolen Slender's chain.

Sim. My master, Sir, Master Slender, sent to her; seeing her go through the streets, to know, Sir, whether one Nym, Sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spoke with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, Sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguiled Master Slender of his chain, cozened him of it."

See Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, ed. 1651, book 13, ch. 30.

P. 299. *For George would ride to a Shelter, &c.*

In the time of our author (Peele), a certain familiarity with the occult sciences was thought to be inseparable from the profession of a scholar. It was an idea which had come down from mediæval times, when Horace and Virgil were better known as necromancers than as the literary ornaments of the Augustan age. Shakespeare alludes to this union of the scholar with the wizard in a passage in *Much Ado about Nothing*, act ii. sc. 1, where Benedict, speaking of Beatrice, says:—"I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary—"

P. 309. *How mean you, hi? quoth shee, &c.*

"Sir John Heydon and the Lady Cary had good witts, and lov'd to be breaking of staves one upon another. Sir John comes in one day very briske, in a payre of printed velvett breeches (which was then the fashion), but some way defective, so as she had a flurt at them presently. 'Hold you' contented, good Madame,' sayes he; 'for if it were not for Printing and Painting, your face and my breech would soone be out of fashion.'"—*Merry Passages and Jests*, collected by Sir N. L'Estrange. Thoms' *Anecdotes and Traditions*, p. 23-4.)

JACK OF DOVER.

Introduction.—A "Jack of Dover," in the vocabulary of the fishermen, is, I believe, a term for a *sole*, the soles of Dover being celebrated. Whether Chaucer, in the *Prologue to the Cokes Tale*, intends a *sole*, when he speaks of a *Yack of Dover*, is, however, a question, which I am content to leave to the new editor of Chaucer. But I may mention that it has also been pointed out to me by Mr. F. S. Ellis, of King Street, Covent Garden, the well-known bookseller, that a *dover* is still the cant word among inn-keepers for a dish of *any kind*, which has been warmed up a second time (Fr. *rechauffé*), and it appears to me likely enough that the original phrase was *Yack of Dover*, the two former words, with the liability to abbreviation common to all proverbial phrases, falling gradually into disuse. Still, however, the application of the expression to the present tract remains of rather doubtful propriety; but, at the same time, titles were given to old books and pamphlets on such extremely slight grounds, that it is scarcely worth while, for the immediate purpose, to pursue the inquiry farther.

Taylor the Water Poet, in his *Yack-a-Lent, His Beginning and Entertainment*, enumerates the various JACKS, who had preceded his hero, and mentions, among the rest, *Yack of Dover*.

"Of *Yacke an Ape* I list not to endite,
Nor of *Yack Daw* my Gooses quill shall write,—
Of *Yack of Newbery* I will not repeate,
Nor of *Yacke of both sides*, nor of *Skip-Yacke* create.
To praise the Turnspit *Yacke* my Muse is mum,
Nor of the entertainment of *Yacke Drum*
Ile not rehearse: nor of *Yacke Dogge*, *Yacke Date*,
Yacke Foole, or *Yacke a Dandy*, I relate:
Nor of *Blacke Yacks* at garth Buttry bars,
Whose liquor oftentimes breeds household wars:
Nor *Yacke of Dover* that Grand Jury *Yacke*,
Nor *Yacke Sauce* (the worst knaue amögst the pack)."

P. 330. *The Foole of West Chester*.

Probably the portion of Chester without the walls was formerly so designated. Mr. Collier, in a note to the play of *John-a-Kent and John-a-Cumber*, by A. Munday (Shakesp. Soc. ed. p. 63), says that the whole town was once known as West Chester; but this, I think,

is doubtful, more especially as Munday himself seems to make a distinction between the two:—

“We two, belyke, by your oomplotting wit
Shall grant the Earl of Chester in his Court,
And, spight of *Chester's* strong inhabitants,
Thorow *West Chester* mekely in our handes.”

John-a-Kent and John-a-Cumber, act i. sc. 1.

In this passage West Chester evidently stands for the unfortified part of the town.

P. 337. *There was in Winsor a certaine simple outlandish Doctor.*

The compiler of “Jack of Dover,” first printed perhaps before 1600, had very probably in his mind some living celebrity, when he wrote the present description, and it is by no means unlikely that Shakespeare was indebted to the same source for the original of the Dr. Caius, who figures in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. There is not, I believe, the slightest reason (except the identity of name) to suppose that the dramatist intended by the foolish French physician the eminent co-founder of Caius and Gonville College, Cambridge, who died in 1573.

P. 340. *The Fool of Shrewsburie.* “In Shrewsburie, there was of late,” &c.

In the 19th Tale of the English *Gesta Romanorum*, p. 55, ed. Madden, the third question put to Temecius by “Andronicus, the Emperoure,” is, “of what craft or of what myster beth moste men.” To which Temecius replies:—“Sir,” quod he, “of leche-crafte.” “How of leche-crafte?” quod the Emperoure. “For there is no man,” seid the knyght, “but that he is sumtyme seke, and sumtyme medlithe with medicynes.”

P. 350. *The Foole of Essex.*

In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Ann Page makes separate appointments to meet Master Slender and Dr. Caius at the same place on the same day, and passes off on them two boys dressed up as women, while she elopes with her real lover Fenton, and marries him.

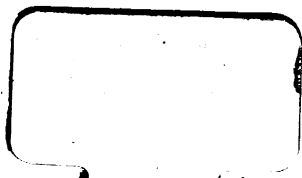
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